

Some three or four years since, a fragment of a slate rudely chiseled from the dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimac. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Norsemen visited New England, some centuries before the discovery of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

Gift from the cold and silent Past!

A relic to the Present cast;
Left on the ever-changing strand—
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its led of primal rock
First wended the dark, unshapely block!
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
They read and savage outline wrought!

The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam;
From sail-rocked gond and flashing oar
The circles wend to its shore;
And cultured field and steeped town
Slope to its willow margin down.
Yet, while this morning's breeze is bringing
The mellow sounds of church-bells ringing,
And rolling wheel and rapid jar
Of fire-winged and steedless car;
And voices from the way-side near
Come quick and blent on my ear,
A spilt is in this gray old stone—
My thoughts are with the Past alone!

A change!—the steeped town no more
Stretches like the sail-borne shore;

Like palo-alomé in sun's shoul,
Fale sun-gill spire and mansion proud!

Spectrally rising where they stood,

I see the primal woods,

Dark, shadow-like, on either hand

I see its solemn waste expand;

It climbs the green and cultured hill,

It arches o'er the valley's ill.

And leans, from cliff and crag to throw

Its wild arms o'er the stream below.

Unchanged, alone, the sun-bright river

Flows on, as it will flow for ever!

I hear it, and the hear the low

Soft ripple where its waters go;

I hear behind the panther's cry,

The wild bird's song goes thrilling by,

And slyly on the river's brink

The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark!—from wood and rock flung back,

What sound comes up the Merrimac?

What sea-worn barks are those which throw

"The light spray from each rushing row?"

Have they not in the North Star's last

Bowed to the waves the strainings most?

Their frenzied souls the wintry sun

Of Thule's night have shone upon;

Flapped by the sea-bird's gusty sweep

Round ley drift, and headland steep.

Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughers

Have watched them failing o'er the waters,

Lessening through driving mist and spray,

Like white-wing'd seahorses on their way!

Now their glide—and now I view

Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;

Joy glistens in each wild blue eye;

Turned to green earth and summer sky;

Each broad, seaborn breath has cast aside

Its cumbersome vest of shaggy hides;

Bared to the sun and soft warm air,

Streems back the Norsemen's yellow hair.

I see the gigan of axe and spear,

The sound of smitten shields I hear,

Keeping a harsh and fitting time,

To Saga's chant, and Rhonic rhyme;

Such lays as Zealand's Scald has sung,

His gray and naked lies among;

Or muttered low at midnith's hour,

Round Odin's mossy stone of power,

The wolf beneath the Arctic moon

Has answered to that startling tune;

The Gaal has heard its stormy swell,

The light Frank knows its summous well;

Its bold, its stolid, Cuhles

Heard it sounding o'er the sea,

And aye with hoary head and hair

His altar's flame in quivering pray!

"I ta— the 'whirling vision dies

In darkness on my dreamy eyes!

The forest vanishes in air—

Hill-slope and vale stolidly bare;

I hear the common tread of men,

And hum of work-day life again:

The mystic relic seems alone

A broken mass of common stone;

And if it is the chieftain limb

Of Berserker or idol grim—

A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,

Or Tyr, the redless God of War,

Or Praga of the Rhonic lay,

Or lava-waking, Siona,

I know not—for no gravine line,

Nor Drakard mark, nor Tanic sign,

Is left me by which to trace its name, or origin, or place

Yet, for this vision of the Past,

This glance upon its darkness cast,

My spirit bain in gratitude

Before the Giver of all good,

Who fashioned so the human mind,

That from the waste of time behind,

A simple stone, or mound of earth,

Can summon the departed forth;

Quicken the past to life again—

The Present lose in what hath been,

And in their primal freshness show

The buried forms of long ago.

As if a portion of that Thought

By which the Eternal will is wrought,

Whose impulse fills new with breath

The frozen solitude of Death,

To mortal mirth were sometimes lent,

To whisp—ever when it seems

But Memory's phantom of dreams—

Through the mind's waste of woe and sin.

Of an immortal origin?

South Africa.—The Paris Evangelical mission-society have a mission in South Africa. The native Christian negroes have astonished every one by the liberality with which they contribute to the object of the society. Although they have largely been delivered from slavery, and have means but their daily labor to support their families, some of them have subscribed twenty five francs a year. The church at Beersheba, contributed this year, nearly \$200, and that at Wagon Market's Valley, over \$100. Thus the converted heathens are beginning to put their hands also to the work of evangelizing the whole world. Who wishes to be ex-
cused?

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Monthly Offering.
Anti-Slavery Experience.

"Thought would destroy their paradise,"—Gray.
It was a cold and cloudy morning, in the December of 1835, when I prepared to go on a mission, very far from delightful, as will appear before I finish. The putting on of my cloak and bonnet occupied, at least, twice the usual time, and my collar, my scarf, and even my over-shoes, received a share of it, which they were, by no means, accustomed to.

Usually, a very few minutes suffice for the arrangement of my walking equipments, even when the place of the promenade is Washington Street, and its time from twelve till two. I wish the obvious reason, worst of all, personal vanity, were the true one, but I fear that must be found in the ever recurring I. of Grace, which very heart responds in many matters to those of dress. But now to my imagination, as the very interest of Freedom and Righteousness were connected with the smoothness of my ribbons and frill of my cap. The truth seemed to rest for support on the fact whether the stretching of my collar was clear starching, and Mercy to ask seriously if there was not a pinch in my bonnet. Rossmond's anxiety highly equalized mine.

On one part of my dress, I felt it useless to waste another time or thought. No expenditures of either could preserve my stockings from the most wanton representations. What availed that they were white, and this was the first time of wearing. I knew that through some optical delusion, they would appear to the gaze of nearly all my beholders blue and ragged.

I gave a last glance at my face, and in view of its paleness, I pitied myself as kindly as I had done my neighbor—seized three or four ominous rolls of paper, mended my pencil and rushed out of the house. As I hurried along the Mall, a very cold cutting wind drove over it, but I headed it.

"Whistling to keep one's courage up," is a strange stock in trade, and was therefore to me an easy resource, but I supplied it by calling to mind similar scraps of Anti-Slavery poetry—and as the severity of the weather engaged in the work of raising more ministers to still more parts.

This was five years since, and I have gone over the same work every year, in the interim. Slowly, very slowly has my success increased, & now so hardened is the task I have become, that I shall present my petition with as unfeeling a heart as though it were a paper in aid of the Bunker Hill Monument.

December 23rd, 1841.

Presence of mind in the hour of danger.
Several years ago, a disaster occurred on Lake Champlain, similar in many respects to the burning of the Lexington. Our stormy night, as the steamboat Phoenix, with a full load of passengers and freight, was ploughing her way through the waters of Champlain, a fire broke out at midnight, and soon raged with irresistible violence. The passengers rose by alarm from their slumbers, and walking to a terrible sense of impending destruction, rushed in crowds upon the deck and attempted to seize the boats. Here, however, they were met by the captain, who, having abandoned all hopes of saving his boat, now thought only of saving his passengers, and stood by the gangway of his vessel with a pistol in each hand, determined to prevent any removal from the burning boat before they were properly lowered into the water, and prepared to receive a short living death.

I called, Madam, for the purpose of asking your petition for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia."

The tone of her voice, the expression of her face, the repose of her manner, changed as by magic. "Oh, no, indeed! not on any consideration, oh, no! oh no!" She could hardly assure herself that even these multiplied negatives rendered her safe. I rose, at once, but as I rose she exclaimed, "Pray are you one of the ladies who were mobbed, a month or two ago?"

I answered in the affirmative, and in a remark or two from that followed, she seemed to consider the fact, that I had been mobbed, so complete a justification of her refusal to sign the petition, that I felt emboldened to bear testimony which was received with a smile.

A number of calls succeeded, too similar to the one I have just described, to require further mention. There was such perfect sympathy in the furniture of the various drawing-rooms, such a very upholster shop look, such an absence of almost everything that could imply that their inmates ever worked or read, for the Souvenirs on the centre table go for nothing that one specimen of a room would represent the class, in the same way any well dressed woman, passing before she knew my business, a little frightened, and a little angry afterwards, might well enough represent the class who all turned to her to find her safe.

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The above is an exaggerated story. It is the simple narrative of one of the most heroic acts on record. We have only to add that the Captain who so faithfully and fearlessly discharged his duty on this trying occasion, is still in command of a noble boat on Lake Champlain, and known to every traveller as Captain Simeon, of the steamer Burlington.—Ab. Daily Adv.

The Occasional Glass of Wine.
Those who tumber with the wine-cup, or who set it before their guests, cannot be aware of the risk they run, or the fearful responsibility they are incurring, or who would certainly be banished from all civilized society. In addition to the many faithful efforts which have been made to dissuade the public from the use of wine, the following report from the Christian Mirror, the following report of remarks offered by the Rev. Mr. Pratt, of the Episcopal Church, Portland, a recent visitor to that country, will be of great interest to all.

"This lady has brought you a document of great importance, my dear," said the neophyte. "Shall I read it to you?" She assented, and he began in a tone of mingled indifference and irony to read aloud, but as he continued, the words were a charm in these words—an interest not confined to the present, but looking forward to the future. He would urge on them, absence from all that can intoxicate, first, on the ground of their own danger, as well as that of their friends, and as if to interrupt his utterance, he said, "I have a portion of that which they will be interested in."

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Now, my good young lady, let me have a little talk with you. I really feel sorry to see you running about on errands. I suppose you are a member of the Crusaders, haven't you?" I assented. "Well, every now and then a Crusader laughs at the Crusaders; everybody thinks they were very ridiculous people, now they are seeing just like the Crusaders." Freeing stamp of a perfect crusader. "I have say all the things on this paper you brought are true enough; but let me look at the matter reasonably. If it be our duty to be working for people as far off as we are, why should we not succeed and free them, there would be half the world still in some difficulty or other, and the same reasons that make it right to help the slaves would bring all these other people on your hands; so you see," he ended in a triumphant tone, "it is no use for me to begin to write for you to stop!"

I admitted the truth of a part what he said,

and added that I supposed it was the duty of all Christians to labor for the mitigation of suffering, during the whole of our lives, that to do this was one of the reasons for which they were sent into this world.

A laugh on his part, and an avowal that we had all better mind our own affairs, and leave those of our neighbors, closed the interview. I met with but little of gross abuse. One lady who had come to the house with much violence of manner, declared that I must mean to insult her. I told her the solution of her conduct in the fact that she was, before marriage, a southern, and a slaveholder. Another, like wife of distinguished parents, even her son, was a southern, and a slaveholder.

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PETERS' PILLS.

Great Arrival!—18 bushels, or 7500 lbs.

boxes of Peters' Pills.—The subscriber has made arrangements with Dr. Peters, of New York, to have delivered to him, at a reasonable price, the following articles:

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